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WACKY RACELAND

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE TURNS TO HIS GREATEST VILLAINS FOR A SUICIDE RUN AGAINST HIS DEADLIEST FOE: BANE

BATMAN #9

I AM SUICIDE

WRITTEN BY
TOM KING

ART BY
MIKEL JANIN

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HOOVER DAM.
FINISH LINE.

THE SLAG BROTHERS WIN THE RACE!

AWWOOOO! WE ARE MIGHTY HUNTERS!

YAH! YAH! YAH! WE SLEW AN ELDER GOD!

WHUP! WHUP!

WHAT'S THAT ON THE TENTACLE? IT LOOKS LIKE--

WHUP!

WITLESS PRIMITIVES! SOMETHING'S GOING ON WITH THESE MONSTROSITIES WE'VE BEEN ENCOUNTERING, AND THANKS TO YOU THIS CLUE IS--

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THINGS THAT DON'T CONCERN YOU, DICK.

I SUGGEST YOU ALL ENJOY A LITTLE R&R IN **LAS VEGAS** UNTIL THE NEXT RACE.

WELCOME TO Fabulous LAS VEGAS NEVADA

RED, YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS AN ABSOLUTELY ***TERRIBLE*** IDEA.

HELL ***YES***, I DO!

"BUT I'M FEELING ***LUCKY!***"

CASINO

DRIVE CAREFULLY Come Back SOON

THIS CITY HAS FARED BETTER THAN MOST OF THE WORLD. THE CASINOS, HARDENED AGAINST NUCLEAR BLASTS, CLIMATE-CONTROLLED, AND POWERED BY SLAVE-DRIVEN GENERATORS, ARE HOME TO VARIOUS GANGS.

*THE **PHARAOHS** AND THEIR **ANUBIS MUTANTS** ARE MORE THAN WILLING TO ASSIST YOUR TRANSITION INTO THE AFTERLIFE UNLESS YOU PAY YOUR DEBTS.*

LOOK AT US, ***BLUBBER BEAR.*** WE'RE IN ***VEGAS!***

HRRRRRR... JACKPOT.

BRRRRRRRRRR...

GRRRRR...

*EARTH LIES IN RUINS. THE UNSEEN AND OMNIPOTENT **ANNOUNCER** HAS PROMISED THAT THE VICTOR OF A SERIES OF RACES WILL BE ALLOWED INTO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE OF UTOPIA, A LEGENDARY PARADISE THAT IS THE LAST BASTION OF HUMANITY ON THE SCORCHED PLANET. THE WACKY RACERS AND THEIR SENTIENT VEHICLES COMPETE FOR SURVIVAL AS THEY SPEED THROUGH AN APOCALYPTIC DESERT FILLED WITH RADIOACTIVE LAKES, NANOTECH DUST STORMS, AND CANNIBALISTIC MUTANTS. THERE'S ONLY ROOM FOR ONE WINNER, AND ANYBODY IN SECOND PLACE WILL BE LEFT TO DIE IN THE*

WACKY RACELAND

WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS...

STORY: KEN PONTAC / ART: LEONARDO MANCO
COLORS: MARIANA SANZONE / LETTERS: SAL CIPRIANO
MAIN COVER: LEONARDO MANCO
VARIANT COVER: JOE PRADO & HI-FI
ASSISTANT EDITOR: BRITTANY HOLZHERR / GROUP EDITOR: MARIE JAVINS

THE C.C. CLOWNS WILL TAKE A MALLET TO YOUR FUNNY BONE IF YOU TRY TO CROSS THEM.

HRRRR... CLOWNS ARE SCARY.

AVOID THE COMB-OVERS. YOU CAN NEITHER REASON OR BARGAIN WITH THEM.

I WILL BUILD A GREAT WALL-- AND NOBODY BUILDS BETTER WALLS THAN ME, BELIEVE ME--AND I'LL BUILD THEM VERY INEXPENSIVELY. I WILL BUILD A GREAT, GREAT WALL ON OUR CASINO BORDER, AND I WILL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THAT WALL WITH YOUR BONES AND YOUR PAIN. MARK MY WORDS.

OBVIOUSLY AN INSANE NARCISSIST. I LIKE HIM!

ENJOY YOUR STAY, RACERS. JUST DON'T PISS OFF THE CAESARS OR YOU'LL END UP ON THE BUFFET TABLE AS TODAY'S SPECIAL.

CHARMING! LOVE WHAT THEY'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE.

LEAVE YOUR WEAPONS AT THE DOOR!

PHTTT! ROMANS! THEY STOLE EVERYTHING FROM THE GREEKS, INCLUDING OUR GODS!

THE NUKE'S A NICE TOUCH, THOUGH.

3333!

SLAVE! GET THESE VEHICLES PARKED.

YES, CENTURION.

HANDS OFF, SPARTACUS! AND BY THAT I MEAN I'LL CUT YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF IF YOU TOUCH ME.

AAAAH!

PARKING AREA A

NOTICE
THIS PARKING LOT IS MONITORED BY VIDEO SURVEILLANCE

I CAN PARK MYSELF, ASSHAT.

I STILL SAY THIS IS AN AWFUL IDEA, BOSS.

DON'T BE SUCH A LITTLE WHINER, HAYBALER. I'M GONNA WIN ENOUGH AMMO TO GET US PAST A DOZEN FINISH LINES!

I NEED A DRINK.

KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE NEWCOMERS, LEROY. THEY STINK OF ***TROUBLE***.

BOTH EYES, NEON CAESAR. AND ***MULTIPLE WAVELENGTHS***.

HOT ***DAMN***, MEEKLY! I ALREADY GOT A ***JACKPOT***.

YOU'RE ON A ***STREAK***, SARGE!

IT'S A ***HUNDRED BULLETS*** IF I CAN GET A SHOT BETWEEN HIS LEGS WITHOUT BLASTING OFF HIS ***JUNK***.

DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!

AAAAA!

YOU KNOW THE ODDS ALWAYS FAVOR THE HOUSE.

THE ODDS DON'T BEAT ME...

THE STARS & BARS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB.
BEFORE THE APOCALYPSE.

I *LOVE* YOU, BABY, BUT YOU'RE IN REAL DEEP. MY DADDY'S GONNA BREAK YOUR LEGS IF YOU DON'T PAY HIM BACK SOON.

BET'S TO YOU, RED.

WELL, I GOT A CRAP HAND, BUT WHAT THE HELL...

EIGHT HUNDRED.

WHAT YOU GOT?

FULL HOUSE. BULLETS BACKED BY JACKS.

FOUR LUCKY SEVENS KICKS YOUR BUTT, HOWARD!

ROYAL FLUSH KICKS *EVERYBODY'S* BUTT, LOSERS! READ 'EM AND WEEP.

DAMN, RED! HOW'D YOU BEAT THOSE ODDS?

THE ODDS DON'T BEAT ME--

VEGAS. NOW.

CLICK! WHRRRR...

--I BEAT THE ODDS!

HE CALLS HIMSELF "RED BARON" NOW, BUT THAT'S THE GUY. THE COLONEL'S GONNA *WET* HIMSELF.

I THINK IT'S *NAP TIME* FOR THE *NAZI*.

CLICK

UNNNN...

HHHHHHH...

HSSSSSSSSS

HSSSSSSSSS

BLAM!

DAMN! SORRY, BUDDY! DOUBLE OR NOTHING?

AAAAA! OH GOD! AAAAA!

WELL, THE **HOUSE** MIGHT'VE WON, BUT THAT POOR BASTARD ON THE **WHEEL** SURE LOST HIS--

DICK? YOU ALL RIGHT?

THAT MASK MAY PROTECT YOU FROM THE GAS, ASSHAT--

CRACK!

UNGH!

--BUT NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE VALUE OF A GOOD **CUDGEL!**

SO, THE COLONEL JUST WANTS HIS **HEAD**, RIGHT?

YEAH. WE CAN DO WHAT WE WANT WITH THE REST.

"AND WE'LL STRIP THOSE FANCY CARS FOR WEAPONS AND PARTS."

TOO BAD THEY DON'T LET DOGS IN THE CASINO, HUH, FLEABAG?

GRRRRR... HNNNNN...

WAIT A SECOND! DID YOU JUST ***DUMP OUT*** ON MY ***UPHOLSTERY***? YOU DAMN DIRTY--

WHAT THE HELL?

CLUMPH! CR-RRR-RACKLE...

THEY'RE LOCKING US IN!

THAT'S ***VANADIUM STEEL*** BACKED UP BY AN EMP FIELD. WE'LL FRY OUR BRAINS IF WE GET CLOSE.

I ***KNEW*** COMING HERE WAS A BAD IDEA!

RRRRRRR!

LOOKS LIKE ***MUTTLEY'S*** FOUND ANOTHER EXIT!

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LET ***HUMANS*** OUT ON THEIR OWN.

I SWEAR TO GOD, I'D SEAL UP MY CAB AND ***MONO*** THOSE LITTLE MANIACS IF I WASN'T PROGRAMMED TO PROTECT THEM!

SPEAKING OF WHICH, I'M WORRIED ABOUT RED...

RED.

UNNNN...

WAKE UP.

UNF!

WHAP!

WHAP!

HNNN!

WHAP!

UNF.

WHAP!

HNN..

...

WHAP!

"GOOD NIGHT."

WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!

HSSSSS...

RELAX, HAYBALER. I'M SURE RED'S ALL RIGHT.

RARF! RARF!

MUTTLEY SAYS IT'S HERE.

I DON'T EVEN HAVE OLFACTORY SENSORS AND I KNOW IT STINKS DOWN THERE.

OH, SUCK IT *UP*, BRAINIAC!

DOOR'S OPEN.

BOOM!

UNNN...BASTARD KNOWS HOW TO--

PHUFT

--THROW A BEATING.

THE PRISONERS STAND ACCUSED OF ASSOCIATING WITH A KNOWN ASSHAT WITH A BOUNTY ON HIS HEAD, AND OF PROBABLY BEING ASSHATS THEMSELVES.

BOOOO!

KILL THE ASSHATS!

SHOW US THEIR BLOOD!

WHAT CAN I DO? I'D LOVE TO BE MERCIFUL, BUT MY CUSTOMERS WANT BLOOD.

YOU WANT BLOOD? COME ON DOWN HERE, YOU FAT TURD! I'LL SPLATTER YOUR GUTS ALL OVER THIS ARENA!

I'LL ***PASS***. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO PROVIDE QUITE A PERFORMANCE. AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, A VERY POWERFUL MAN IS GOING TO PAY A ***RIDICULOUSLY LARGE BOUNTY*** FOR YOUR MURDERING HEAD.

THE ***COLONEL***... CRAP.

RAKEKE

WHAT THE ***HELL*** DID YOU DO TO PISS THIS ***COLONEL*** GUY OFF, RED?

THE STARS & BARS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB.
BEFORE THE APOCALYPSE.

HAW, HAW, HAW! THANKS, RED!

HOW THE HELL DID *THAT* HAPPEN?

HOW DID *WHAT* HAPPEN?

OH, BABY, YOU LOST *AGAIN?* CAN'T YOU EVER QUIT WHEN YOU'RE AHEAD?

WHEN MY DADDY GETS HERE--

I *AM* HERE, DARLIN'. HERE TO COLLECT WHAT'S MINE.

IN BLOOD.

DON'T *HURT* HIM, DADDY!

BLAM!

DADDY!

YOU...YOU *KILLED* ME, DADDY.

MY BABY. MY BABY...MY LITTLE GIRL...

I'M SO SORRY.

GET THAT BASTARD! TEAR HIM TO *PIECES!*

DAMN!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

"I WANT HIM DEAD!"

RAAAAAAAR!

DAMN!

RAHU! NO!

KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!

SNAP!

UNNN!

STICK IT!

STICK IT GOOD!

STICK IT!

STICK IT!

SHUCK

UNF.

ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED, ASSHAT?

DAMN!

UFFT!

HOOVER DAM.
AGAIN.

DAYLIGHT AT LAST, AND--

HELL! WE'RE BACK AT HOOVER DAM!

YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'S JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO WORK...

AND SO...

THE SARGE HAS BEEN SAVING THAT *MINI-NUKE* FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION. I THINK THIS QUALIFIES.

CHOOOM!

HA HA HA! WELL, *THAT* WORKED!

KA-BOOM! THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR TERRIBLE IDEAS!

HA HA! BACK TO *VEGAS*, GUYS! DRIVE! DRIVE!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

ALERT THE GANGS! I'VE JUST DOUBLED THE COLONEL'S BOUNTY. I WANT THOSE BASTARDS TO ***BLEED!***

SNAP!

HA! NOW THAT ***NEON IDIOT*** KNOWS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE SCREWS WITH ***RED BARON!***

INDEED! AND WHAT HAPPENS IS--

R-RRRRR

"--HE SENDS AN ARMY TO ***EXTERMINATE*** US!"

RARF! RARF! RARF!

HOLY ***HELL!*** THIS IS ***WAY*** ABOVE MY PAY GRADE!

I GUESS THIS ***WAS*** A BAD IDEA AFTER ALL.

QUITE POSSIBLY THE LAST ONE YOU'LL EVER HAVE.

HERD THEM TO THE ***RAMP OF JUDGMENT!*** LET THE ***GODS*** DECIDE THEIR FATE!

AAAAAA!

TO *HELL* WITH THE GODS! WE DECIDED FOR THEM!

KEEP GOING, BOSS! WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

MISS ME, BOSS?

ALWAYS, BABY.

THIS IS *INTENSE!*

HELL, YES!

HA HA HA! AND ANOTHER GIANT WAVE WASHES THE ASSHATS AWAY!

THEN THE ***LORD*** RAINED ON SODOM AND GOMORRAH BRIMSTONE AND FIRE FROM THE ***LORD*** OUT OF HEAVEN. AND HE OVERTHREW THOSE CITIES, AND ALL THE VALLEY, AND ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITIES, AND WHAT GREW ON THE GROUND.

GENESIS 19:23-29. OR AS I CALL IT, SCREW WITH THE ***BULL*** AND YOU GET THE ***HORNS***.

NEXT ISSUE: THE BUTCHER SHOP!

THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON ON EARTH JUST MET ITS MATCH...

GREEN LANTERNS

THE PHANTOM LANTERN #9

WRITTEN BY
SAM HUMPHRIES

ART BY
ROBSON ROCHA AND EDUARDO PANSICA

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ARROW
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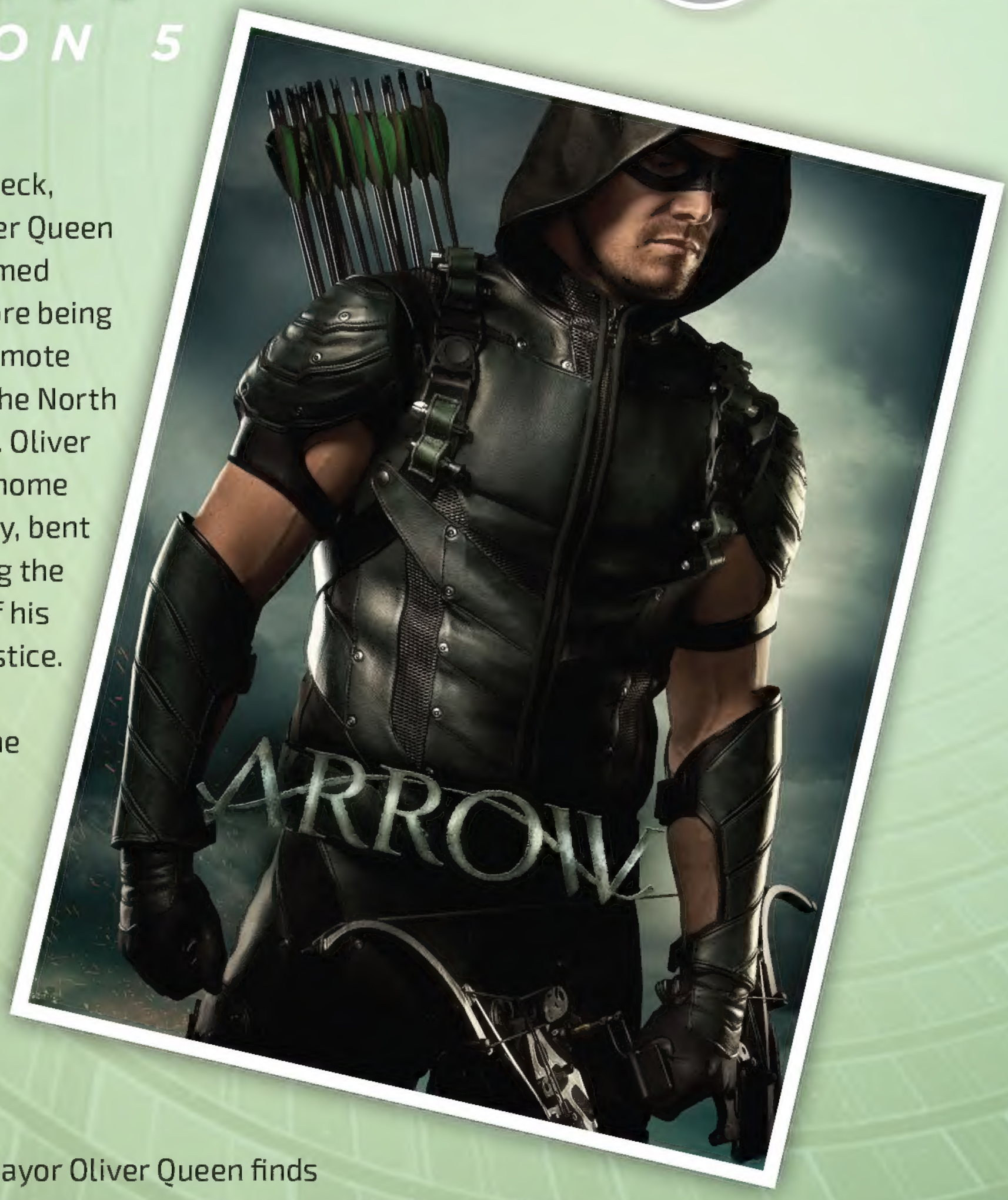

After a violent shipwreck, billionaire playboy Oliver Queen was missing and presumed dead for five years before being discovered alive on a remote island in the North China Sea. Oliver returned home to Star City, bent on righting the wrongs of his family and fighting injustice. As the Green Arrow, he protects his city with the help of former soldier John Diggle, computer science expert Felicity Smoak, his vigilante-trained sister Thea Queen, former police captain Quentin Lance and brilliant inventor Curtis Holt.

Newly appointed mayor Oliver Queen finds himself challenged as he fights on two fronts for the future of Star City. With Diggle back in the military and Thea adamant about hanging up her hood as Speedy, Team Green Arrow is down to just Oliver and Felicity – but they're no longer the only vigilantes in town. Green Arrow's public defeat of Damien Darhk at the end of Season Four has inspired a new crop of masked heroes to step up and defend the city, though their painful inexperience makes them obstacles, rather than allies, in the field. The arrival of a deadly new adversary will force Oliver to confront questions about his own legacy, both as mayor and as the Green Arrow.

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"